

CHAPTER XIX. THE LION AND THE CUR.

Maxey's first impulse was to call as sistance, but the discovery that Mr. Dyo had not wholly lost consciousness deter- it out I say! Take it out of my sight. red him. By the aid of wine, which be was able to procure without exciting any suspicion as to the use he would make of it, he succeeded in resuscitating the stricken man. After swallowing the contents of several glasses Mr. Dve was able to sit, or rather to recline, upon the | sofa and to speak. His first dread was of the portrait. His first atterance was: "Turn the accursed thing away from

Maxey moved the easel, but even then the faded eyes would consistantly wan der in that direction with a look of uneasy suspicion, as if he more than balf mistrusted that it was able to turn back upon him of its own volition,

The somber Dye was utterly crushed. The theatrical air and oratorical flourishes, which even in his most cornect moments he had never wholly forgotten, had vanished but the despair in his face was deeper than ever.

He asked Maxey to draw the center table, on which had been placed the decanter of wine, closer to him that he might reach it without assistance. Frequently a norvous tremor would shake his whole frame, and then he would seize the glass and swallow a monthful with the desurante energy of a man who was fighting his last fight. Meanwhile There shall be no judge, no jury, no he talked rapidly, flercely, like one in a

delirium. "Why do you have that here? Why was it necessary for you to scare me to death? You certainly could suspect nothing. You told mo that she drew that face. I should have seen through the humor of that joke. Ha, ha, ha! Bright of you, wasn't it? You are so much craftier than you look, sir. But you weren't crafty enough to detect me in playing a part the first day I came here. Say, you never would have believed that I had been in this house before, would you? Didn't I do my part well? Ask Belfry if I showed the least tremer, if I faltered in my step, when I saw the house into which be was taking me. I am strong, but I cannot bear everything. But the picture? You bought it of course! Of course you bought it! Why did he have his face drawn like that? It's the expression I am talking about. The eyes, the eyes! There! There, it is around again looking at me. Turn it about, I tell your turn it about!"

I have turned it about. It is not looking at you. " said Maxov nervously.



"The eyes, the eyest There!" Mr. Dye glared so at the back of the picture that there could be no doubt that he thought he saw the face still,

eried out definitive "You can't terrify me. Not now, not now. I fear the Hying, not the dead, not the dead." There burst from his live a long peak

Then be attored a herrible eath

of hysterical laughter.

It was more than Maxey could hear, He went out for Dr. Lapar, and when door to prevent his wife and sister from

Laurar examined the shaking, covering wrock mon the sofa, and Maxey, Impatient of delay in his decision, oneried nervous? What's the motter with bim?"

"I should say he'd been diduking too

tremens. "There is not a great deal of differ-ce," said Lamer after disterring to

some of Dyn's vehiculant attenuess. 'He is crazy. We must get him away from here at once."

not if you say he is possessed of a then, that I killed him? Do you wonthousand devils. He shall not go alive | dee? There was that effair on the sea unless he has told the trath and all the read. I told him that she know a part

The truth? What does he know?" wife's parentage. He knows the secret of that affair on the sea road. He knows this face that Annotte has sketched, and if the power remains in him he shall

Mr. Dye heard and evidently partly comprehended these words, for be cried

teli! He's a scoundrel! Make him tell!" him by the arm, as if he would drag his secrets from him by physical force.

"Speak out now, old man," he said, "for the time for playing with me is passed. I will have the truth now. You recognize the Jew's face. Who is the Jew? What are your relations with

"The Jew. ch? You want to know about the Jow and my relations with him? Relations is a pretty word. I will old Jew?' 'Because it is necessary, tell you, Mr. Maxey, my relations with | That's enough. Let us bring her to the lion."

"Go on quickly," whispered Lamar in Maxey's ear. "Humor him. He is ripe for a confession. Make him talk the word as you see me driving by. If

While he can. " "Why did you fall down when I told you my wife had painted the lion's

"Why? Because she never saw the

Jow. He was a crafty man. He roled her destiny, but he never showed bimself -never but once, and then- The wine! Give me the wine! Why will you keep that accursed thing in the round? Take

Dr. Lonar promptly removed the casel, and Mr. Dye seemed to breathe easier. Maxey asked another question: "The Jew, the Hon, ruled her destiny? What was his name?"

Mr. Dve bent close down and answered in a whisper: "His name was Felix Resentel, and I

killed him!"

Maxey shrank back. 'It startles you, does it?' went on the wretched Dyn. "It makes you draw away from me? You did not know the Jew, or you would feel more like hunbling yourself before me. All amount on be crushed and ground and trampfed underfoot and despised and stat upon. and then the time may come when even the carwill turn and rend the limit Sev, nov ilno fellow"-he turned toward

that so? "Uncombtedly," said Lamar encourngingly. "Undoubtedly that is very tene. He sput upon you, and you killed him. Very good. He had been grinding you under his feet for a very long while?" "Gentlemen, this will be a private affair between us, strictly private. We will review this case together, and we shall judge together whether I did well. hangman's tope about this, will there.

"Docidedly not."

"No. Well, put it down first that n very long time ago I was a merchant's clerk, and Folix Resemfel was that merchant's private secretary. Got that down? Well, I stole money, and he found it out. That was the beginning. But it was not the oud; no, not the end!"

Mr. Dee talked in a rapid, feverish manner and clutched the sleeve of Muxey's cost. His faded eyes had so much the appearance of a maniac's that the arrist could not help an involuntary shrinking.

The wretch's manner was variable. A flores outliveak was succeeded by a period of communitive calmness. After his last sentence he suddenly burst out with a peal of forced laughter. He pointed to Lamar and Maxey in turn as though they were the most obvious objects of mirth.

"What a pair of simpletons you are, gentlemen! Do you expect me to go on and tell you all about my affairs with the Jew, with my dear Felix, the linn? Oh, no, not at all; not at all thecoming serious). He got me under his feet, and there he kept me, grinding his heel round me go. The more I did the more I must do. When he had woven such a web around me that he hold my honor, my freedom, my life, in his hand, then he was satisfied (becoming pathetic). Now, gentlemen, don't be unreasonable. Don't ask me to confess how it was that my life got into his bands. That's a dead matter. Papile gave up-leaking for a solution a long time ago. Don't lot us rake it up at this late day and harry up people's souls needlessly. Besides it doesn't concern my of vs.

"Very well," said Lamar, "let it go, It amounts scoply to an understanding that this Jew involved you in a crime the detection of which would have

hanged you. Mr. Dye cannot his arm and samuli-

catud him. "Oh, my good man, don't talk that way! You hurt my feelings, for I've got 'Aye, grin on, grin on, will you?" he | them, but as I am, and besides that is my last card. Extern my confidence, and Pit whisper to you a secret, When I get refined to the last extremity and I want only one more drink to earry me off, I knew on ambifious detective to whom I can sell my knowledge. How does that seem for a plan? It can't hang me then, be bad returned with him locked the for I shall be deed, and I shall have had

Mr. Dye suddenly become mirthful and chackled.

"This is terrible!" murnared Maxey. Mr. Dyn immediately prov fictor

"But it bu't for my regard of him that I keep silent. Don't mistake me there. But for that necessed Joy I might "Is that all? I thought it delirium | today have been well and respectable, with a home, a wife, children, perhaps, How does it turn out? My wife dies of a broken heart. I am an outeast. The child I eyer had-she whom I reared from her infancy-1 count look it the face. I am a broken tottening wrotch, "Not" oried Maxey, "be shall not go, and all through him. Do you wonder, of the serret. He go Twhite with rage, and I cringed before him. He hold me "Hoknows everything. Heknows my to blame for it. Curs. him! What had I done? I have kept you allive all these years. You have fixed on my bounty, you miserable curl' be said. Yes, gontlemen, he called me a cur. So I was too. You couldn't blame him for that. He was right. But it emaged me to hear him say it. I knew I was, but he made me so. Oh, to have strongled him then "Right, Mr. Maxey, right! Make him and there! Then he said, 'You go home and come again when I have thought Maxey sprang toward him and seized about it.' That is what I did, just what he told me; always his slave and his

"Then when I came again he says, with that devilish smile of his: 'It is all right, Dye, my boy. We must write a letter from that Hapgood woman. She'd be likely to believe in her. We must get her out of town to some lonely place. The Somerset road will do. I have thought it all out." 'What for, what for, him. I was a whining cur. He was a sea read Tuesday night. I will be in a sleigh, you on foot. She will wait by the side of the road. You will walk past. If all is well, you will give me all is not well, you will not give me the word, and I will go up the road a piece and turn and come back till you say to me go on. 'Yes, yes, all very well, devilish Jow, but what for, what for?'

Are yet itisane that you question me? You do your part. Leave me to mine. Well, well, my sweet Felix, I have done much for you. No doubt my love for you is very great, but am I a monster? Am I atterly without soul? Hus year tyrracous heat crushed out every spark of the man is me? Will I deliver up an innocent girl who trusts mo? Nor a thousand times no old Jew! 'Are you going dott? Don't you know what my power is? Have you forgetten Dale and the rest?' 'I forgot nothing. Believe meyet, my memoty is very good. Ah, prond Jew, some day that monary may est you something. But now you shall be defied." You don't mean to defy me. You want semething. What do you want? 'Your promise, your solomu promise, that she shall not be barmed, else I am done, " 'Harro? Who said narm? You wrong me. I do not wish her ill, I wish only to talk to her. Oh, I shall take excellent care of bor! I shall be kind and gentle to her. Of that you have my promise, Dye, old key. Of that you may nest mesmed." 'Old Jew, you smile. But I am serious. This is no whim of mine. I'll hear your eath.' He swears it then-Helix Recenfel, the Jow, lays his hard in mine and swears he will not barm an funceent child. **What next? We are on the road.

and there she is alone. Once we try, Twice we try. Passers always. At last! My hand is warral. That is the signal. Third time wins. Sleigh stops. I hear nothing. I am a find with a toron. I qualit to book back, but no. I am a cow and. I begin to run. What are you run ning from unthe white road, in the cold, with the snow all about you, our Dye's Go back and watch over that innocent child. Your cowardice Lilled your wife, Lanuar-'you're a good judge. Isn't rained your life. Now what? Go book and watch over that innecent child. The Jew is merciles. The Jew is unsempalons. What are his promises? What are his cathe? Co back and watch ever that innocent child. It rings in your ours till you no langer dare go on. You turn back. Dvc, the coward, turns back. No Jew there. Only the white, cold read and the desh of the water. What is this in the snow? A shawl? Her showlf Look well at it, with straining eyes and a choking breath. Where is the? Where tashe, coward, fool, dupe, idiat, where is slee? Go to the cliff and look over. Go close, close up, and look over. There! Do you hear that? That is the water. But that other-that meaning, feeble atterance? That is a spirit. He has killed her! Do you hear that, Dye? The Jew has killed her! No wonder you put your fingers in your cars and run! Run, run, run! Acress the field and up the road, to stamble, to fall, and then pash on again, with your fingers in your cars. You cannot shut it out. You cannot drown its cry. The Jow has killed her, and her spirit moons and writes its bands, and all through you. Remember this, coward Dve. Look. back over your past life and think of the ambitious beginning and the pitiful and. Good family, talents, education. But still where are you? And all through him. How long, how long, shall be go on despising you, trampling on you? He, with his devilish face and black, black heart? Wait, good Dye. Wait. Do not be impatient. The moment comes, She is not dead. She lives, She lives,

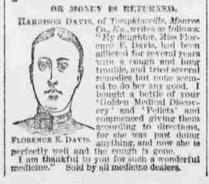
'Dye, you must watch the house, the house in the quiet street. You must tell the Jew all who go in and out. Oh, vos. you will do this for the good, kind Jew: the sweet, aminhle Resented! Yes, but you must do more. She is notting well. You must come up with him the long flights of stairs to keen watch while he goes in. Do you remember that, Dye? Do you remainler his devilish counting and his plausible airs? Do you remember the soft kneck that is not answered, the creaking door, the cautions voice, whispexing, 'Watch here that no one comes upon the stairs while I go What will you do, Dyo? You have whisky in your posket. What will you do? Drink! Drink for courage! Why not call for help? The Jew is trapped, He is there. Drink more and deeper, You must have coverage. Sh! What is be doing? Did you hear that gasp? Step in a little way and look. There! The paper theles up-the paper in the grate, and there he is at the fire looking at her! The second time is better than the first. She is black in the face from his chokg hands. "She is dead new, Dye," Seef. is describing her back upon the bod. Quick! He calls to you, 'A light!' What is hedding. A match togaide him while he arranges her dead hands! Devilieh, devilish caratag! What a mouster is this Jewl Assep on the stair! Runquickly, Dro, and lock the door! Escanel Where? Berr? By the window, to the roof, and so out of the reach of all parent. There is pounding and calling at the deer! They will hould it in! Osiek, onick, now! Who will go first? The Josef Oh, you, the Jose, the great

"What in your life worth, you car, beside his? He more in society. Where you? The window is open. He stands on the sill. He is climbing. He will upe. No! No! At last, Dye, the whisley has done its work. You are no open a recombing sycophant. Strike w! Now or nover! Sou him strangle to keep his bold! See him losing strongth, but her hit, against those fearful with I II, expect tore hold out. Dye, you have a might's streamth, if you are old and worn our, through bim, before your time. Go, cassed Jow! You have fora his desponsib flagons from their hold, and there, in the darkness he is going down, over and over, to the end. The Jew is dead! The Jew is dead!" Mr. The rose up. His dyes, which had more and more, as he went on, as-

samed a steady look ahead, fixed on the caused wall in front of him. Buch-M the plig-felan accom-

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parried him simultaneously, each with a strong grasp on an arm. They did not know what in his delirious state he might be impelled to do. He only spoke out mockingly:

"Jew, Jew, Felix Resenfel, the Jew, rise up out of your place in the cold water and dare to say that I have lied!" He was silent a minute. His body became rigid and then convulsive.

Their combined strength was barely inflicient to hold him. His whole frame became contorted, and erving out in h terrible voice: "There he comes! There he comes! He is there on the carpet, wet and dripping!" he fell back, frothing at the month.

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From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 2893.



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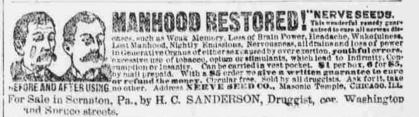
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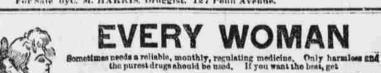
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